1: Hoebel E-5 (1933) 1940 NO6 Comanche NO6



In addition to horses, woman must be placed largely in the category of property, for her legal disabilities and low status made her very much a chattel, first to her father and brother, later to her husband. The several facets of this problem have been repeatedly examined in preceding sections.

In addition, domesticated dogs must be included in the category of private property. They abounded, but were of little economic value or importance save as camp scavengers and to warn of prowling enemies. (Except the notorious Comanche canine, Mákutavai, whose name was on the agency roles for many years as that of an Indian. His owner drew double rations from the government on this ruse.) The number of dogs arose from the existence of a tabu against killing them. Because of their identification with Coyote, dogs are believed to possess some power. To kill one brings bad luck expecially to one's children. People without children trained some dogs as pets, babying them and nursing them like a child. When the band was moving camp, these people would put such dogs on a horse to ride.

The idea of liability for acts of animals did not exist. There was no recompense for a dog bite. Nor could damages be sought for injuries received from a kicking horse. A quick-tempered man, however, might kill the horse on the spot. In such event, informants said there would be no call for damages to compensate for the horse. So it was with a dog, owned by another person, which was killed in anger. Post Oak Jim thought that "something might have been done about it" if the dog had been given to the owner by a dead friend, but not if the dog had been raised by the owner himself.

Finally, in regard to food, principles of generosity placed a sort of public lien upon the game a Comanche hunter brought down. A man who returned to camp with meat was obliged to share it with all who came for some. He had to give the best part to his wife to take to her father. Other portions he gave to those who asked. "If a man won't give it away, they camp on him until he does." This means obligation. But performance was not always spontaneous or achieved. In a hard winter She Invites Her Relatives observed that some people moved out of the camp so that they would not have to share their food with the others. Any persons who came upon a hunter and his game could claim any quarter by touching it. If there were enough claimants, the only part going to the slayer was the hide. The hunter asserted his right to this by seizing the tail. How similar this rings to Eskimo practice! The obligation seems here more than mere generosity; "They would camp on him." Generosity based on ethics appears rather in the buffalo hunt, a communal venture with a prospectively full supply, where the slain brutes were individually claimed. There young men were taught to kill a fat cow or two for the old men, who would even make

1: Hoebel E-5 (1933) 1940 NO6 Comanche NO6



574 224 special request for a certain animal before the active hunters rode into the slaughter.

Objects of material culture were personally owned; but the test of owner-
422 ship was not production so much as use. Clothing was prepared and made by the women, but owned by the person who wore it. A robe made by a woman for herself was hers, while a robe made for her son or husband belonged to that worthy. Tools and utensils used by the women belonged to the women and were also made by them. Every warrior carried his own kit of tools for the making of bows and arrows. This kit was an indispensable part of his personal equipment and was always carried fastened to his body, so that no matter what the emergency he was prepared to equip himself with weapons. Some older men specialized in arrow-making. They gave arrows to petitioners with or without consideration. Each man marked his own arrows with distinctive feathers or by some characteristic of production. Women made saddles for themselves and held them as their own
[492] property. The man's saddle, which was of a slightly different style, was
[438] owned by the men. Among the Comanches they were made by Mexican
[721] captives who specialized in the trade for pay.

422 Medicine paraphernalia were made by the owner according to his vision
424 directions. If the help of others was needed, they received no pay other
438 than food. The medicine formula was privately owned, but could be transferred in consideration of payment, or given as gift, or inherited. The power itself, however, had to come through a dream as a confirmation of the efficacy of the transfer. War honors were another very distinct form of incorporeal property. These could be transferred as a gift of high esteem, as has been described. They were not, however, articles of trade in economic exchange.

422 The tipi, which was made, erected and moved by the woman, was not
586 hers by proprietary right. The decision as to its disposal belonged to the husband, though if generous and well-disposed towards her, he frequently gave it to the wife on separation.

422 Throughout the simple catalogue of goods we find that articles of personal use were usually personally owned according to the principle of effective utilization.

## INHERITANCE

428 In the disposal of a deceased's property there is but one rule which stood
768 out with constancy: *upon the death of a person all effects of his (or her) personal usage were destroyed.* This included clothing, weapons, saddles, tools, paraphernalia, and horses customarily ridden by the deceased. According to Neighbors, "They also killed their favorite wives, but this custom has

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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727 dance over him in the square. I longed for the privilege of speaking to him, but it was denied. The morning following his advent, he was tied on a mule, his face covered with buckskin, and escorted from the camp. I never could gain the least information from whence he came, or whither he was taken; but suppose he had been captured by a party belonging to another village, who simply halted at our [517] encampment overnight, and got up the war dance by way of entertainment.

727 We were frequently visited by the chiefs and warriors of 574 the surrounding tribes. They were, invariably, cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. Then there was a pipe [535] dance, which is the dance of love and friendship. They were invited to repose on the largest buffalo skins, and given to eat the flesh of a roasted dog, though the moon was not in the full—a luxury surpassing even the meat of the wild horse. I apprehend many were attracted to our camp through curiosity to see and hear the wonderful watch, the fame thereof, beyond question, having spread far and near. I come to this conclusion from the fact that speedily following their arrival, Moko would bring it forth, and call on me to make it talk.

There was one visitor, in particular, a stout, surly chief, who in the course of the summer visited our camp many times. He appeared to have become fascinated with the watch, never growing weary of listening to the alarm. After Moko had finally placed it affectionately in her bosom, he would have long and earnest interviews with Big Wolf, the subject of their conversation being, as was easy to perceive, the mysterious watch. I learned that he was the chief of a tribe whose village was situated in a valley beyond the mountains at the distance of two days' journey, and that he was known as the Spotted Leopard.

ooo turning to the right, round the point of a high bluff we rode along its banks, discovering as we advanced broken patches of prairie where it was evident some tribe had grown its last year's corn. The valley is called, in the Indian
[103] tongue, *Lescoha*, and the stream, which we were following towards its source, *Boge Lescoha*.

574 In the afternoon we came in sight of a large town situated directly at the foot of a mountain which bounded the plain on its northern side. A mile outside we were met by a party of eight or ten, who approached us on a dashing gallop and escorted us in. When we had reached the square, the same surly chief who had so often visited Big Wolf to listen to the voice of that wonderful thing which Moko carried in her bosom came forward and bade us welcome. Then I knew we were in the camp of the Spotted Leopard.

361 The village was built on both sides of the Boge Lescoha, which had its source in a large spring under the mountain, not far distant. It divided the town in the center, the civil chief's tent being on one side and the war chief's on the other.

727 A short half-hour only had passed, when the horn sounded
535 the war dance. I was conducted to the center somewhat nervous and apprehensive—the apparitions of Martin and Stewart flitting before my mental vision—nevertheless, there remained an inward confidence I would not be put to death, because I had kept the covenant. While in this state of perplexity, the warriors were issuing from their tents, whither they had gone when the horn sounded, to gird on their belts, and decorate themselves with such scalps as they possessed, and were assembling round me. The signal given, the dance began, and was conducted in the usual manner, such as I have before attempted to describe, but which the reader must see before he can fully

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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understand. It was brief—unusually so—and terminated without any damage, very much to my relief. 727 635

After the ceremony, I was conducted to the tent of one of the Spotted Leopard's wives, of whom he also had four. This was especially appropriated to the accommodation of Big Wolf, and inasmuch as I had always slept in the same tent with him at home, he did not think proper to alter the programme on this occasion. 727 574

In the morning, a large number of mules and horses were collected in the square, driven in from the surrounding pasture by the women. Piles of buffalo, deer, and beaver skins, also, were brought from the tents and packed on mules. I was then brought out by Big Wolf, who produced the bloody stick and delivered it to the Spotted Leopard, at the same time informing me I had been sold and assigned. To render the transfer legal, however, it became incumbent on me to reopen the vein on the back of my hand, and again stain the carved figures with blood, an act which, in view of the alternative of being butchered, I performed with great alacrity. This formality closed the bargain, when Big Wolf and his warriors departed, taking with them the avails of the sale. In this business transaction, I had the satisfaction of learning how much, in Indian estimation, I was worth, to wit: 120 animals, old and young, of the horse kind, and as many skins as three pack mules could carry. 727 425 [435]

From the first I entertained an inveterate dislike of the Spotted Leopard. He was morose, reserved, unsocial, and there was a malignant expression about his mouth and eyes that told me as plainly as if it had been written in emphatic English on his forehead that he was a being who would delight in cruelty. These were my first impressions of him, and I never had occasion to modify them afterwards. But 727 622

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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among his wives, there was one who treated me with all the kindness I had previously received at the hands of Moko, the young consort of the Big Wolf, and she was *Kianceta*, the Weasel.

At the end of four days, Big Wolf again made his appearance, attended by his four wives and a number of warriors. Their arrival was celebrated by a pipe dance. This ceremony was conducted as follows: The wives of the two chiefs, myself, and several old men of the tribe were stationed in the center of the ring. At its side stood the Spotted Leopard, with a lighted pipe made of red sandstone. As the warriors danced around, each, as he came opposite the chief, received the pipe at his hands, took a whiff or two, and handed it back. This ceremony was accompanied by one of their wild and peculiar songs, and when it was concluded, Moko came forward with the watch, kissed it, presented it to me, and turning about, broke through the circle of warriors, crying, and disappeared in a neighboring tent.

I caused it to sound the alarm, probably a dozen times, when the Spotted Leopard approached me with Kianceta by his side. Into the possession of the latter, the weird, mysterious thing, through which the Great Spirit spoke in a strange voice, was delivered, and the crowd dispersed.

Kianceta, the Weasel, was tall and slim, and erect as the young cedar that grew on the bank of the Boge Lescoha. She had an easy and elastic gait, as if shod with velvet springs, and in her movements there was a nameless grace and dignity which drew all eyes after her, as the magnet attracts the steel. She was dressed in buckskin moccasins, and leggins colored red—a blue broadcloth skirt, tastefully embroidered with beads, and over this a bright calico short gown—articles obtained from the Mexican traders. Her long hair, blacker than the feathers of the crow, fell down

2: Lee T-5 (1855-1858) 1957
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over her shoulders in luxuriant profusion, halfway to the ground, and around her forehead was a tin band, scalloped on the upper edge, after the fashion of a crown.

Kianceta was indeed comely to look upon, but her soul was far more lovely than her form. Though an untutored woman of the prairie—one of a low and ignorant class—I have reason to remember her with respect and gratitude. She sympathized with the poor captive when others laughed at his calamities—sat down by his side, and looked up sorrowfully into his face, when the young savages in the village beat him with stones and sticks until he sought shelter in the tent. An hundred times she stood between him and those who threatened harm—gave him corn when others had it not—attended him when sick—casting red-hot stones into a trough of water to make him a steam bath, and wrapping him in thick buffalo skins until his cold was broken up and his health restored.

Next morning the tribe was assembled, and Che-ra-se-chick-a-lo, the prophet, made a speech. He was not as earnest and impressive as Karolo—palpably inferior in every respect—nevertheless, he was listened to with the most profound attention. At the conclusion of his exhortation, they indulged in a long and jolly feast, when Moko and the three other wives of Big Wolf came and kissed me again and again, and then bestriding their mules, rode away towards their own valley of Mannasaw, weeping as they went.

My time was now passed either in attending upon the Spotted Leopard, or sauntering idly through the village, continually thinking of escape. This subject was never out of my mind. By observing the rising and setting sun, I could tell the points of compass, and recalling, as far as possible, the direction of the different routes I had taken

224 into a still wider prairie—and there, at a watering place, pitched our camp. Here we remained two months, meeting with unanticipated success. Thousands and thousands of buffalo, in immense droves, were roving over the plain, and it was an easy task to obtain as many hides as the mules could carry home.

484 574 622 On the return, which was by a different route from that we came, we fell in with a party of two or three hundred, a friendly tribe, who accompanied us back to the camp. Their [55] chief was Kan-sa-le-um-ko, the Rolling Thunder. He was agreeable, though sedate—a compound of benign dignity and solemnity—a chief who plainly preferred falling on his face before the prophet, in the time of the new moon, to dancing the war dance with the warriors.

574 The Rolling Thunder and his tribe remained with us a week, and it was, indeed, a week of carnival and merriment. First of all was the war dance, and then followed the solemn discourses of Che-ra-se-chick-a-lo, the prophet, and after them came the ring dance and the pipe dance, and the feast of the roasted dog. During these entertainments, the good Kianceta and myself played a conspicuous part in the exhibition of the watch. As on all former occasions, it captivated the simple children of nature, and particularly the [622] Rolling Thunder, whose reverent temperament led him to refer all mysteries, whether great or small, to the wonder-working power of the Great Spirit.

574 727 Soon after the departure of Rolling Thunder and his people came another large party and pitched their hunting tents on the bank of the stream, outside the town. The day following their arrival, I observed our warriors, belted, and decorated with trinkets and scalps, moving towards their encampment. Something unusual, I felt confident, was about to take place. Distant but a quarter of a mile, I

could hear distinctly the sound of their voices singing their 574 ●
savage songs. Presently, came thrilling through the air, 727
mingling with the loud, shrill war whoop, a shriek of mortal agony. Again and again it was repeated, growing fainter and fainter, until, finally, it ceased, or, at least, failed to reach my ears.

At length, a party of six or seven came after me. While 727
passing through the strange encampment, I discovered pieces of soldier's clothing, which I recognized at once as the United States uniform. Moving on beyond the camp into a grove, a spectacle presented itself that froze my blood with horror. A white man had been subjected to the torture. He was not lashed to stakes as Stewart and Martin were, but a sharp stick had been thrust through his heel cords, by which he was suspended from a limb, with his head downward, as a butcher suspends a carcass in the shambles.

He, also, had been sacrificed with the accursed flints, his ears cut off, and tongue drawn out. A slight convulsive shrug of the shoulders, indicated that life was not wholly extinct. I gazed upon him in silence and terror and was relieved when they led me away. I concluded, from what I saw in their camp, he was a United States soldier, captured, probably, near one of the frontier outposts—such exploits not being unusual, numbers having been taken during my early residence in Texas, as far down as Fort Jesup in Louisiana.

The Indian policy of the United States, I am convinced, 648
is not the most advisable one. So long as it is continued, the frontier settlements will be constantly exposed to depredations, and prisoners subjected to the horrid cruelties I have described. They cherish an inveterate and undying hatred of the white race, whom they regard as usurpers—

the crow, the kingfisher, the prairie hen, and the eagle, so dyed by his ingenious wives as to reflect all the colors of the rainbow. Of all the horses that grazed the wide pastures round about his camp, he was mounted upon the most fleet and spirited—the weapons of war in which he was accoutred were a knife thrust through his belt, a hatchet suspended from the pommel of his saddle, and a Mexican rifle, rare among his tribe, upon the possession of which he prided himself exceedingly.

I bestrode the same old mule that had so often and so far borne me on her back, with nothing hanging from my saddlebow but a huge buffalo horn wherewith to furnish my doughty master with cool draughts from the streams as we journeyed on the way. Saluting the Sleek Otter, who little thought it was the last nod she would ever receive from her long-haired spouse—for, not having seen a razor for three years, I was very far from being "the man all shaven and shorn, who married the maiden all forlorn"—we trotted away from the village, myself in advance, neither of us destined ever to return.

From early morning we traveled leisurely but steadily, and at sunset entered a valley wherein resided a small tribe whose chief was *Nis-ti-u-na*, the Wild Horse. The usual hospitalities were extended—or rather on this occasion they were unusual—inasmuch as a party had just returned from a meeting with the traders, bringing with them a quantity of mescal, a kind of whisky distilled from the fruit of a tree, commonly known in Mexico as the cabbage tree.

An Indian's dignity, whether chief or subject, never rises to that elevated degree which prevents his getting drunk every opportunity that offers, and consequently it followed, as a matter of course, that so distinguished a visitor as the Rolling Thunder, arrived at that peculiar juncture, could

not avoid stretching himself on his buffalo skin that night without a weighty "brick in his hat." In other words, the sedate old fellow became beastly intoxicated,—forgot altogether the decorum that characterized his customary walk and conversation—vainly attempted to be funny—danced out of place—and whooped when there was no occasion for it—in fact, was as boisterous and silly as about half a gallon of bad whiskey could make him.

However, bright and early in the morning, the chief was again on his proper legs, ready to set forward on the journey, intending to lodge that night at another village farther to the north. After a breakfast of mustang steak, which rested ill on his sour stomach, we bade the sore-headed sons of the tribe of the Wild Horse good morning, and pursued our travel. Very soon we passed out of their valley and entered the defiles of the mountains. The last night's debauch had set the old chief on fire, and before the sun had halfway ascended to the zenith, his throat was parched, and he was mad with thirst. But there was no water to be found. On and on we went, threading our way through thick bushes, around the sharp points of overhanging cliffs, across rough and rugged ravines, but nowhere did a spring or running stream greet his longing eyes. We continued to press forward in this manner until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when, reaching the bottom of a deep hollow, we discovered water oozing from the base of a perpendicular precipice and trickling down a little muddy channel through the grass.

He called impetuously upon me to fill the horn at once. Though I attempted to obey his order with all possible celerity, the rill was so extremely shallow that in spite of my best endeavors, every dip I made, the contents of the horn would come up in the proportion of three parts mud

3: Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
NO6 Comanche NO6

## Comanchería

Comanches and their Kiowa allies preferred to camp near a running stream in open timber. Along meandering creek valleys toward the headwaters of larger streams, where there were adequate canyons, arroyos, and breaks for protection, abundant grass for the large horse herds, ample buffalo and antelope for food, wood for the campfires, and sweet water for drinking, were to be found the Comanche villages. A large camp sometimes extended several miles along a stream or forest edge. A Comanche village which lay east of the Wichita Mountains in 1834 is reported to have extended along Cache Creek from Medicine Bluff north to Chandler Creek and southward to Wolf Creek, a distance of fifteen miles.[20]

Within the camp itself there appears to have been no required plan. If the terrain was favorable, the lodges might be grouped in a rough circular fashion about the lodge of the chief. In another village, the lodges might appear to follow a rectangular plan. There were usually as many groups of lodges as there were leaders, the lodges of the most important men being located nearest that of the leader.[21] There was no privacy in the camp, for neighbors entered and left a tipi at will. While busy wives performed their daily tasks of preparing food, tanning hides, and making tipis and clothes, the men spent their time discussing matters of general import, raiding, hunting, making weapons, or simply idling the hours away at sleep or play, and the children shouted at play or assisted their mothers with their work. In the evenings or on any unusual occasion, the whole camp gave vent to joy or sorrow, anger or enthusiasm, by positive, and at times noisy and colorful, demonstrations. Innumerable lanky, ferocious dogs greeted the approaching stranger by day or gave forth in unison to warn their masters of danger by night.

But what had been a noisy camp could become within a few minutes a lonely prairie with little evidence of previous habitation. On the day before the move, the camp crier rode through the camp making the announcement and describing the new location. The next morning the women were in a hurry to pack and be on their way, for those who were first might obtain choice sites in the new camp. One end

[20] W. S. Nye, *Carbine and Lance: The Story of Old Fort Sill*, 7.

[21] T. A. ("Dot") Babb, *In the Bosom of the Comanches*, 106–107; Nelson Lee, *Three Years among the Camanches*, 127–28; George Catlin, *North American Indians*, II, 72; C. C. Rister, *Border Captives*, 16.

alone to the small camp of related individuals forming a composite extended family to a large group of several hundred people. But the band was not organized around a family group, nor was it the basis for the regulation of marriage. Clan organization was wholly absent. In the large groups, more often than not marriage took place within the band so that a couple belonged customarily to the same band as both their parents. But in cases of interband marriage, residence tended to be virilocal, for a band did not want to lose its fighting strength to another, and in personal disputes a man had to count on the support of his brothers, wherefore brothers stuck together in their parental band. This being so, and a son-in-law being expected to furnish food to his wife's parents, they, in giving consent to marriage, preferred their daughters to take a husband from their own band. Yet the kinship principle was weak, even within the extended family band; for although groups of relatives tended to camp together, the linkage of the person to the band was on the basis of free association. Any person could withdraw from one band and join another at will.[9] There were no restrictions to prevent a change of residence from one band to another at any time, and no formal ceremony was required. With a great deal of interband visiting going on, temporary changes of band membership were frequent. A newcomer simply moved in, and no permission was necessary.

Likewise, groups of individuals under their own leaders sometimes separated from the main band, possibly to reunite later or to join some other band. Such divisions sometimes gave rise to new bands if these cessionists stayed off on their own. In several known instances, smaller or weaker bands merged with larger bands and lost their identity.

In the large band, relatives tended to camp together. Thus the camp pattern retained a degree of regularity. And when the band was subdivided, as was often the case, there is reason to believe that the break-up tended to be into the smaller groups of relatives joined by the families of friends drawn within the orbit of the group.

The family headmen—and there was at least one for each group—

[9] David G. Burnet, "American Aborigines, Indians of Texas," *The Cincinnati Literary Gazette*, Vol. I (May 15, 1824), 154; E. A. Hoebel, "Comanche and Hekandika Shoshone Relationship Systems," *American Anthropologist*, Vol. XLI (1939), 440–57, has a similar analysis of the Comanche band.

3:Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
NO6 Comanche NO6



night. This belief was strengthened because they prepared and set food before guests as soon as possible after their arrival, whatever the hour. Eating is a gesture of hospitality not to be postponed. "Meat is free to those who come. A man makes friends of the poor that way. They never got tired of visitors," says Slope. Nevertheless, it was customary to have a formal meal soon after arising in the morning and a much more important one in the evening. There appears to have been no regular noon meal, both children and adults helping themselves to food, if plentiful, whenever their appetites and convenience dictated. Before eating on public occasions, the chief or leader cut off a morsel and offered it to the Great Spirit by holding it first toward the sky and then burying it. Individuals did the same when eating, in lodge or elsewhere, but like our custom of offering thanks, the practice was not universal. Some interesting descriptions of Comanche meals have been left by early writers. One is that of a breakfast of the less formal type:

> Outside the tent, in front of the door, two logs lay side by side. Between them the fire was kindled. A long slice of horse flesh was attached to the end of a stick some four feet in length by which the meat was held over the fire, and when barely warmed through was brought into the tent, the handle end of the stick thrust into the ground, the long slice dangling from the other end, resembling a drooping blood red flag. Kiln-dried corn was next boiled and mashed and served in a large dish made of bark. Breakfast was then ready, when, without more ado, each cut off a piece of meat, the size regulated by the appetite, and holding it between the fingers of one hand, with the fingers of the other scooped up the corn, filling the mouth alternately with flesh and vegetable.[14]

Another account is of a formal meal where visitors were present:

> The company is seated, or squatted, rather, around on the matting that forms the beds at night, their feet gathered under them. Short boards or thick pieces of hide are placed before each one;

[14] Lee, *op. cit.*, 132–33.

3: Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
NO6 Comanche NO6

## The Comanches

727 Captive white children were generally initiated into the tribe by a series of terrifying experiences in which the Indians tried their courage by brutal treatment and threats of destruction. They would sometimes be tied to a stake while their captors, with slashes and menacing gestures, punctuated by hideous yells, threatened to cut them to pieces, shoot them, or even burn them at the stake. Some of these unfortunate children never lived to recount their experiences. If the victim survived the initiation to the satisfaction of his captors, he became a slave and was compelled to do menial tasks, like Carrying Her Sunshade. If he proved his mettle according to Comanche standards, better days awaited him. He would likely be adopted as a member of a chief's or warrior's family. Later he was permitted to take part in raids and battles. If he proved a brave fighter, he might become an honored and respected warrior and rise to any position open to a natural-born Comanche. The captives, mostly Mexicans, who did not become warriors tended the horse herds and practiced such specialized industries as gun repairing and saddle-making. The captive woman who made a dutiful and faithful wife and the captive man who had won war honors were sometimes publicly honored.[17] Ordinarily the Comanches refused to surrender a captive without the payment of a reward. Some of the more responsible chiefs tried to stop the taking of white women and children as captives, and some went so far as to buy captives from other Comanches and liberate them. Some of the most hardened warriors are known to have wept because a captive of whom they had become fond returned to his own people.

5 714 All the accounts agree that a Comanche felt obligated to lodge, entertain, protect, and feed, even to his last morsel, any person, regardless of nationality, even though it might be his bitterest enemy, who happened to ask for lodging.

726 202 When a Comanche raiding or war party found itself hard pressed by an enemy force too large to resist, or if it feared pursuit, it divided and subdivided its forces until each fleeing warrior left a separate trace and pursuers found it impossible to follow the trail. Scattered Comanches were adept in communicating with one another through means of signals. After a night raid when the warriors knew them-

[17] Linton, "The Comanche Sun Dance," *loc. cit.*, 421; Burnet, "American Aborigines, Indians of Texas," *loc. cit.*, Vol. I (May 22, 1824), 163.

3: Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
NO6 Comanche NO6



cutting, as did the other tribes. The Comanches followed the Kiowa practice of delegating the honor to a captive woman who had been faithful to her captor husband. This was but one of the ways of integrating the alien members into the tribal whole.

The ritual of raising the center pole with three false starts before hoisting it into place was done in the common Plains manner. A freshly killed and stuffed buffalo was mounted on the center pole. It is significant that in the crisis of the disappearing herds the Comanches in formulating their Sun Dance placed more than usual emphasis upon the bison.

On the last day of preparation, a scout was sent out to locate a "herd," and on the evening of the fourth day it was announced that it had been located. The Sun Dance proper began with an impounding of the buffalo. Four brave warriors went out some distance from the camp disguised as buffalo. One of them wore the robe of a mangy old bull. An especially outstanding warrior, carrying a bow and a torch, set forth to find them. In time, he found the herd and drove it back to the camp and into the dance lodge, just as used to be done with the old-time corral. Then the dancing could begin.

There were two other bits of dramatic by-play that took place on the fourth day of preparation and thus preceded the hunt. One of them provided comic relief, and the other provided an important bit of symbolism, as did the buffalo hunt. The first of these was the invasion of the clowns, or Mud Men (*sekwitsit puhitsit*). Here was something the Comanches had almost certainly picked up in their visits to the Pueblos, possibly at Taos where they were not infrequently peaceful visitors. This they grafted on to their version of the Sun Dance. The Comanche clowns were "masked" dancers akin to the *koshare* of the Eastern Pueblos. They prepared themselves by the creek, smearing their hair, faces, and bodies with mud. On their heads they wore willow-leaf "helmets" that hung down to their shoulders like semi-masks. About their bodies they wore leaves. On their visages they built up large noses of mud, and each carried a club of willow withes and a wicker shield made of the same material.

Mounting their mud-bedaubed ponies, they charged into the camp, swatting people with their "clubs," chasing dogs about, and generally acting funny. People who were whipped could not remonstrate; they

[i.e., of cutting the Sun Dance center pole. -Analyst]

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
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to which her mother had sent her, and at dusk she would creep back to her house and pass the night under the front porch. In the morning she would go back to the hill before the household had awakened. Her mother and uncle never knew about this deception. However, Sanapia believes that the great amount of sickness and misfortune experienced as a young woman can be attributed to her cowardly conduct during this last phase of her training. 115 159 756 785 [753]

> Before, you have to go and fast four days, before they give you that Medicine. Maybe take a little water. You suppose to go up there on that hill and sleep up there by yourself. You suppose to pray and cry and talk. My mother say, "Somebody will come to you way in the night . . . in the middle of the night. They going to push you and kick you and they do things like that, but don't get scared. They going to kick you around and slap you. They fighting you for your Medicine." That's what they told me. But me, I was afraid to sleep up there in them mountains by myself. I didn't want to go out. I go up there and come back. Nobody come to me . . . or nothing.

Before appearing at her home on the morning of the fifth day, Sanapia bathed in a running stream as a device to erase any vestiges of supernatural residue which could be harmful to those who would greet her on her return. The mother met Sanapia as she approached the house and blessed her with the standard cedaring, fanning, and application of red paint. It was also during this blessing that the mother first addressed her daughter as *puhakut*. 115 159 756

Close friends of Sanapia's family had gathered at the house to congratulate Sanapia and to present her with gifts. The host family in turn gave gifts to those who came to honor Sanapia. Moccasins, blankets, shawls, groceries, money, dishes, yard goods, and horses were the items which were exchanged as gifts. 115 159 756 574

Within a few days after Sanapia returned from her four-day fasting, her family sponsored a peyote meeting. The main function of this particular meeting was to gather a large group of Comanches for the purpose of formally announcing Sanapia's newly acquired status. Also, it was thought that the prayers which would be offered for her during the meeting would aid her to more easily bear the burdens which her power imposed. The morning after the meeting was festive, consisting of more gift giving and feasting. However, at the same time that the beginning of Sanapia's new career was being celebrated, her mother's doctoring career had ended. The mother, though retaining all her powers, would cease to function as a doctor. Her withdrawal, however, was voluntary. If she had so desired, she could have continued her doctoring activities. This type of behavior would have been considered improper on the part of the mother, even though Sanapia would not be able to doctor until many years in the future, after menopause. Sanapia, basing her actions on those of her mother, will also cease doctoring once she has transmitted her skills and powers to her successor. In the nomadic Comanche culture, power could be transmitted from donor to recipient with no loss on the part of the donor. This is the case with the transmission of power from the mother to Sanapia. 431 115 159 756 796 [782] 115 159 756 778 [886]

In Sanapia's accounts of her mother's temper during the time of transmission of power, it would seem that the mother, who had reached a very advanced

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many of the Indians from gambling when they had money. But as long as blackjack and three-card monte were dealt by Indians, the money remained in the tribe.

The camp-out on the reservation was dear to the older Indians' hearts. It was a reminder of the wild tribal days after the late summer buffalo hunt—the feasting, visiting, storytelling, gambling, and horse racing. There was no buffalo meat; but they had learned to eat beef, and there was plenty of money to buy it. Likewise, they could indulge in other goodies they had acquired a taste for—and the whiskey peddler came with the darkness each evening.

Mostly the visitors came from faraway tribes—people who didn't have Grass Money payments. They seemed to be old fellows, warrior age. Here, there, and yonder, you would see two old fellows squatted or sitting with their backs against blackjack trees, facing each other and visiting in the sign language. You were sure they were reriding the old war trails.

There was another string to the licensed trader's fiddle. Once an Indian failed to pay his bill to an independent trader, his credit with that merchant was gone. When out of money, he had to trade with the licensed trader. These traders' prices ran a great deal higher, and most Indians wanted to keep out of their clutches.

I got over my scare once the store's money was safe in the bank, and I rode back to the reservation. My memory is that I had seen about all of the Indians owing large accounts, and I had only the odds and ends to clean up. I never saw the marshal again that afternoon. I rode in home, eighteen miles, that night, starting after dark. Perhaps I should add that most adults with sense, large merchants from Lawton and surrounding towns, and the moneylenders set up camp in the section line outside the reservation gate. There they could catch the Indians going and coming.

Some readers may read a different meaning into the word *reservation* than I have in mind in this story. I use it here in the sense of land held back, reserved from allotment and homesteading, when the area was opened for settlement in 1901. There were three of these tracts, containing two or three sections each. One was at Fort Sill, one at Anadarko, and one just southwest of Cache. There was a licensed trading store on each tract, and the land was the property of the Indians. Reservation was the name in general use for these areas. The

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